

The Next Awakening

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Summary: My first Star Wars fanfic. Set after The Force Awakens (obviously). Features OCs, but also lots of familiar characters. Two siblings find themselves travelling the galaxy under strange circumstances. One struggles with the Force. The other struggles with being related to his sibling!

1. The Lost Destroyer

Note: While this fanfic is set after *The Force Awakens*, it may or may not contradict certain plot elements of various *Star Wars* media including the main films. So don't go all Tusken Raider on me if this doesn't fit with how you view the *Star Wars* chronology, okay?

* * *

><p>A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...

STAR WARS

The Next Awakening

It is a rare period of hope for the galaxy. In spite of the destruction of the Republic at the hands of the First Order, the brave Resistance, aided by the information provided by rebelling Stormtrooper FN-2187 - otherwise known as Finn - were able to destroy Starkiller Base, a devastating superweapon capable of raging destruction on an interplanetary scale.

However, as a precaution, the Resistance, led by General Leia Organa, has gone into hiding until further notice, knowing that the First Order, with the dreaded knight Kylo Ren leading the charge, are now more intent on pursuing and destroying them than ever.

Meanwhile, many lightyears away, Kylo Ren's obsessive pursuit of

the Force-sensitive scavenger Rey has led him to a desolate corner of space in the Outer Rim, where he has sensed an intriguing presence aboard a derelict vesselâ€|**

1: The Lost Destroyer

Stars glittered in the distance as the ominous First Order freighter proceeded slowly through the cosmos, silent and almost invisible with its deep black paint job. From the pilot's helm, the two men who were tasked with manoeuvring the vessel exchanged words as they approached something that stood out against the darkness of deep space. Finally, the co-pilot picked up the transmitter microphone and spoke into it.

Several minutes later, another man, who was clad in a dark grey and very official-looking uniform paced through the large freighter, his strides quick and his expression serious. Finally, he reached the door leading to the deepest part of the ship and it slid up as he approached. In the small room beyond, a man stood in silence, unmoving. He was clad in a deep black cloak and his face was hidden by a black and silver mask that covered his entire head. The only inclination he gave of acknowledging the uniformed man's presence was to raise his head ever so slightly, seeming very expectant even though his facial expression could not be seen.

"Lord Ren, we are approaching the ruined vessel and will be docking momentarily." the uniformed man announced, speaking with a very professional tone.

Kylo Ren was silent for a moment, and then, finally, he spoke, the helmet-like mask making his voice seem oddly mechanical. "Have your men's scanners picked up any life-forms?"

"Not exactly, Lord Ren." the uniformed man said, pausing to hear Ren's response. When none came, he continued, "While there do not appear to be any life readings, our scanners are picking up a faint signal that we cannot decipher or identify. Whatever it is, it's coming from within the vessel."

Ren looked thoughtful, or at least the uniformed man thought he did. With that mask, it was hard to tell either way. "Do you have anything else to report?"

"Not at present, Lord Ren, but I will notify you the very instant we learn of anything relevant."

Ren nodded somewhat offhandedly. He appeared partially distracted. "That will be all. Continue to refrain from disappointing meâ€| my new General."

"Yes, my lord." the General said politely, giving a curt nod. With that, he spun on his heels and marched from the room, the door sliding shut behind him. Kylo Ren continued to stare at where the General had been for several long seconds.

The freighter docked with a slight bump against the floating wreckage of the long abandoned Star Destroyer, Stormtroopers soon lined up at the freighter's exit, ready to investigate the time ravaged vessel. Equipped with life support tanks that were fitted onto the backs of their white armoured suits, they proceeded in perfect sync as the

hatch opened, marching in five-by-four rows, staying close together so as to cover one another at the first sign of trouble; Mynocks tended to swarm forgotten ships like this, roosting in the darkest corners and savouring in the quiet, undisturbed environment of deep space.

The Stormtroopers surveyed the Star Destroyer's interior, using special scanning visors to analyse and collect information about their surroundings. What they saw was being projected directly to a screen back on the freighter, which a stone-faced but privately anxious crew watched carefully, Kylo Ren soon accompanying them. The crew could see, but not hear what was going on. Soon, one of the Stormtroopers waved to bring one of his comrades over. The second Stormtrooper hurried to join his fellow soldier, who had discovered what appeared to be a series of cryogenic preservation tanks. Each one possessed shattered glass casings and remnants of bodies could be seen inside, large chunks of flesh missing from still half-frozen skeletons, yet there were no signs of teeth marks.

"Looks like meteorite piercing." the first Stormtrooper summarised.

"Think Lord Ren will want the bodies for examination?" the second asked.

"Probably wiser to collect mere samples of the flesh and bones for DNA processing. Might give the First Order a better idea of how to- What's that?!" the first Stormtrooper asked sharply, turing quickly with blaster raised. The second Stormtrooper followed his gaze, eyeing a darkened corridor of the ship where several bits of bent metal and broken wires hung down from the ceiling. Nothing moved, but the area gave a groaning creak.

"It's just old wreckage." the second Stormtrooper decided. "It moves occasionally as the ship drifts."

"Thought I saw somethingâ€¦" the first murmured as he put his blaster back in its holster. "Guess I should've signed up for the extensive field training program or-"

PEOW. PEOW.

The second Stormtrooper had suddenly drawn his own blaster and was firing at the very spot where the first Stormtrooper had been staring. There was a pained yell and a tall, skinny silhouette, its identity still obscured by the shadows, stumbled into view. The first Stormtrooper hurriedly tried to draw his blaster once more, but the figure was returning fire. The silhouette's weapon seemed to be electricity based, for it emitted a pulse that momentarily short circuited the first Stormtrooper's armour's systems, including the life support tank. The second Stormtrooper ceased fire and crouched down to try and aid his downed comrade, but this was a mistake as the shadowy figure took him down as well. The figure then ran forward, revealing itself to be clad in a spacesuit of odd design as it approached the momentarily incapacitated Stormtroopers. It was even taller than first anticipated. It stepped over the Stormtroopers and started to do something with the ragged corpses hanging in the cryogenic preservers. One of the Stormtroopers managed to turn his head in time to see the figure holding two thin, cylindrical containers filled with green liquid; possibly to preserve the newly

acquired flesh that now floated within. The Stormtrooper, finding that he could move his arms again, albeit stiffly, tried to raise his gun and fire at the figure, but it saw him in the nick of time and kicked him hard, knocking the Stormtrooper onto his stomach. The figure then hurried away, with what appeared to be blue blood dripping from a shoulder wound where the second Stormtrooper had shot it.

Back at the freighter, Kylo Ren was both dumbstruck and outraged. Mostly the latter. He turned away from the observation screen. "Call back the remaining Stormtroopers!" he snapped. "And get us aloft and into attack position! No one crosses the First Order! Not even a common thief!"

The First Order freighter was soon manoeuvring around the Star Destroyer as the mysterious thief boarded a small one man craft with a dark blue and silver hue and took flight. The freighter fired powerful laser bolts at it, but the small craft was too fast and managed to evade the bolts with relative ease.

"Fire the energy torpedoes!" the General barked.

"Sir, we have none!" the pilot reported over the com-link. "This is a First Order freighter ship, and is equipped only with the bare necessities among firepower!"

That did it. Kylo Ren drew his unique lightsaber and started to wage a one man war on a nearby storage crate, the intense crimson beam burning a path through the reinforced metal. The General and the Stormtroopers only looked on, no one daring to say anything.

After about thirty decidedly terrifying seconds (which felt more like thirty _minutes_ to the onlookers), Ren managed to calm down somewhat. He turned to the crew, active lightsaber still in hand.

"Go after them." he rasped, his tone utterly salivating anger. "We will capture this petty lowlife and anyone else involved." He deactivated his lightsaber and sheathed it, turning away, his fist clenching. "And I will find out exactly why they would dare to cross the First Order and the leader of the Knights of Ren."

* * *

><p>â€|And that's chapter one. What do you think so far? Pretty decent for my first Star Wars fic, right? The scanning visors the Stormtroopers used were inspired by similar technology featured in the Metroid Prime series. Review and stay tuned, for the next chapter's coming fairly soon!**

2. The MILLER Project

2: The MILLER Project

It was strange.

To awaken floating in a large Bacta tank, completely submerged in strange liquid with tubes proceeding into your nostrils and an odd device placed in your mouth while from outside the boundaries of the

glass, beings of a different species surveyed your completely uncovered form. All that by itself was a bizarre situation to wake up to. It was even more bizarre when you added the fact that you had no memory of how you got there, or indeed any memory of absolutely anything prior to waking up.

It all seemed surreal, even upon reflection. Tread still hadn't quite come to terms with it. He sat there on the bed in his designated quarters in the Kamino cloning facility, his head resting in his hands as he mulled over all that had transpired within the last twenty-four hours. He could vividly remember being lifted out of the Bacta tank by strange metallic devices, how similar machinery had draped a plain white robe of sorts around his naked form, how he had stood there before the Kaminoans, the tall race of beings who had seemed more than a little humbled at the human's very presence. They had greeted him so calmly, their words soft spoken and gentle, and yet, little of what they had said had made sense to Tread. They had been exchanging words and phrases like, "Remarkable success. Flawless anatomy." or "One of our finest in a long, long time." One statement in particular had given the boy a mild sense of foreboding: "A perfect specimen."

Tread, dumbfounded, had tried to express his confusion (which was already on the verge of turning to panic), only to cut himself short as he noticed another Bacta tank directly across from his. One with another human suspended in it - a female. She was not as of yet awake at the time, but Tread felt a deep connection to her that he couldn't explain. He also felt that he ought to avert his eyes, which he quickly did.

The Kaminoans had seemed politely confused when the boy had finally felt himself able to express his mind, as though he ought to have already known the answers to most, if not all, of his questions. Finally, after some brief explanations that had left the young human with more questions than answers, he had been assigned his quarters, but not yet a name. The Kaminoans had regarded him as part of something called 'Project MILLER', with MILLER standing for Molecular Incubating Lith & Life Energy Replicator, and had stated that he would be assigned a name (if he hadn't already chosen one) following his 'medical processing'. The boy who would later become known as Tread wasn't sure he liked the sound of that, but knowing of no other course of action to take (largely because he didn't really know what to make of his apparent mentors), he decided to comply with their requests and wait patiently in his new quarters, where he would be joined by his 'sister' before too long.

And it was this sister who had done a far better job of establishing the situation for the boy, for she seemed able to catch on much more quickly and read between the lines. The sister had taken on the name Sophie by her own choosing, and as she was also part of the MILLER project, she decided that it would be fitting for 'Miller' to be their shared surname. When the boy had told her that he did not have a first name of his own, she had pondered on this for about two seconds before dubbing him Tread.

Tread Miller. Sophie seemed to find it amusing. Tread couldn't imagine why. It seemed strange. Then again, he decided that he probably shouldn't have been surprised.

There were a lot of things that were strange about being a

clone.

And so, as Tread sat there, head in his hands, his dark brown locks still slightly matted with regenerative Bacta fluid, Sophie was sitting on the bed opposite, currently engrossed in a holo-script (a space-age book). Tread looked up at her suddenly, feeling bewildered.

"You can read?" he asked, surprised.

Sophie nodded casually. "I'm a clone. Literacy was encrypted into my brain. Basic survival skill implementation, I guess."

She was so calm, as though nothing could or would surprise or amaze her. Intrigued by her words, Tread stood up and walked over to the long and well-polished white case of perfectly aligned and sorted holo-scripts. Nearly everything in this facility was white. The walls and ceiling, the automatic sliding doors, the chairs, the bedspread, the garments— It was so plain, and seemed a little eerie. His ocean blue eyes scanning the spines of each literature tablet, Tread found that he could indeed understand the digital markings that made up the title of each book. He settled on one that detailed various models of starships and sat down on the end of his bed once more, pressing the large button at the base to bring up a 3D holographic projection of the tablet's words. He was rather awed; such technology! Cloning practices, projection-based writings, worker units called 'droids'— "This is indeed a strange existence we've been brought into," he murmured quietly as the hologram occasionally altered slightly to show models of the ships it described - not to scale, of course.

"What makes you say that?" Sophie asked, not taking her eyes off her own hologram.

"I— I dunno. Maybe it's just because I've only been alive for little more than a day, but I feel like everything's got an— _odd_ feeling to it." He then shuddered slightly, remembering the aforementioned medical processing, which had occurred less than an hour ago. He could very clearly remember the non-human beings and a couple of assisting droids moving strange glowing rods up and down his restrained, naked form, the devices glowing with a faint blue energy and humming rhythmically, the humming growing louder when scanning more complex or delicate parts of his body. "I don't think we belong here."

"Tread, we were created here. Of course we belong here." Sophie said, as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. "This is our home."

"That's just it!" Tread exclaimed, tossing his holo-script onto the bed, where it automatically shut off. "We weren't born, but _created_. We're lab specimens, Sophie. We're interchangeable. We're expandable. We're _replaceable_." he declared, putting great emphasis on the last word. "We're clones. The Kaminoans will use us for their purposes and then they'll get rid of us! They'll move on to the next set of subjects. We won't be the last to be cast aside. We're probably not even the first!"

"I think you need to calm down." Sophie summarised, but Tread was barely listening.

"We're dead, Sophie! _Dead!"_ the biological eleven year-old cried, his voice starting to rise, his breathing growing worryingly rapid. Sophie set her holo-script aside, eyeing her brother carefully, very aware of the fear clearly written all over his face, aware of the very sensation of fear that he seemed to be radiating. "We were dead before we were cloned and we'll be dead again soon enough! I-"

"You will calm down, steady your breathing, lie down on your bed and relax."

Sophie watched her bother with intrigue. She did feel that he ought to cease his wild panicking, but she was surprised at how clearly each of her words had been spoken, each syllable calm yet very firm. She'd be even more surprised if Tread took her words to heart. She was all but astonished, however, as Tread's expression went largely blank, his eyes staring straight ahead, appearing unfocused. He then spoke, his voice oddly dull.

"I will calm down, steady my breathing, lie down on my bed and relax."

And that's exactly what he did, word for word, picking up the inactive holo-script as his tension began to visibly fade, putting the book back where it belonged while his breathing grew to be regulated, finally stretching out on top of the soft white covers that awaited him, arms resting at his sides as he drew in a deep, cleansing breath, letting it out in a long _whoosh_ as he briefly closed his eyes, a dreamy look on his face for a few seconds before he opened his eyes and blinked, seeming mildly confused.

"Gee, where did _that_ come from?" he asked aloud, not really expecting an answer. He glanced over at Sophie, who looked uncharacteristically dumbfounded as she stared back. She then shrugged and picked up her holo-script, resuming reading it.

"No idea." she said flatly. This wasn't exactly a lie - she indeed had no way of explaining or understanding exactly what had just happened, but she was certain that she was somehow the cause of it.

Sophie had managed, without even trying, to completely manipulate her brother, and as she continued to browse her choice of reading material, she couldn't help but wonder not only _how_ and _why_ she was capable of doing such a thingâ€|

â€|But also if she could do it again.

* * *

><p>In case anyone didn't get it, Tread and Sophie were the resulting clones of the genetic material acquired from the Star Destroyer by a Kaminoan agent. Also, did you pick up on the joke about Tread's name? He's named after an exercise machine! Tread Miller = Treadmill! Lol!

Anyway, that's chapter two out of the way. Hope it wasn't too disappointing. I mainly wanted it to establish a few things. I just hope the 'holo-scripts' didn't seem out of place in the **_Star Wars_ universe. More coming soon!**

End
file.